
EXHIBIT E

Hannah Zarzar

9/25/18

Honorable Judge Jesse M. Furman
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Honorable Judge Furman,

Shmuel is my eldest of 8 children. Our family struggled financially and it was not easy growing up, especially in a community where emphasis is put on the dollar. When other children went to camp, my kids stayed home, when other children went to programs outside school, we were not able to do the same for ours. Shmuel never resented us for that shortfall. He made friends and when in 6th grade he started assisting electricians.

From childhood [REDACTED] Shmuel helped others. In a family owned food pantry, Shmuel was quite active. He would help with incoming and outgoing deliveries, clean up, and help people to their cars. At that time we were distributing to about 1,000 families and Shmuel was always, pleasant, helpful, and considerate. Later, he volunteered as an EMT, Auxiliary police, and Chevra Kadisha. Shmuel took the opportunity to help friends in need. When a friend became homeless, Shmuel spent many nights sleeping outdoors with him; so he would not be alone. When the weather was bad Shmuel snuck him in the house.

Shmuel helped his siblings with homework and did household chores. He did his share of folding laundry, vacuuming, setting the table, and washing dishes. Eventually, Shmuel became the handyman in the house. He repaired electric, electronics, plumbing, and anything that needed fixing. One time the oven broke before the holiday Shmuel who was nowhere near the house, came home and fixed it.

[REDACTED] he was friendly and social. Recently a colleague of mine told me that she was watching her wedding video from eight years ago and remembered how Shmuel made her wedding special. That Shmuel has a special quality about him of happiness and joy that to date warms their heart.

He lived in his own apartment with a roommate and was responsible to pay rent/bills monthly. He was looking for his path in life. He and I discussed his interest in becoming a licensed electrician and so he applied for an apprenticeship with the Region 3 electrician union (his documents are still there). He was called for the interview and for the first time I felt Shmuel felt secure with his career choice and was on his way.

His entire life changed when a city sanitation street cleaner jumped a light on a rainy day and crashed into my son's van while on the way to work. After that he was never the same. He moved back home, was always in pain, crying, unable to bear the pain. He was unable to sleep,

his appetite was gone, and he was a skeleton of his former self. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Shmuel feels severe regret for what has transpired and terrible about the hurt and pain he caused.


[REDACTED] and eventually he can go back to working as an electrician with his previous employer.

Honorable Judge it is your final decision that determines Shmuel's sentencing. I truly understand the magnitude of Shmuel's actions, as does he, and how such actions affects society, the families, and the girl. I am a mother and am horrified at his conduct. This is not how we raised our son and this is not our son's nature. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Shmuel is a good man with good values, and goals for a productive future. Please, give Shmuel the lowest possible jail sentence. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] He has a good behavior and had volunteered while incarcerated. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Shmuel is a person that gives to society. Bridging his life productively will assist Shmuel to get back to the workforce and return positively into society. [REDACTED]



Thank you for reading my letter.

Hannah Zarzar

Aharon Zarzar

9/24/18

Honorable Judge Jesse M. Furman
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Dear Honorable Judge ,

My name is Aharon Zarzar, I am Shmuel's brother. He is 1 ½ years older than me. It's really hard for me to write this letter. My brother Shmuel has been a good older brother to me. We got along our whole life and were very close. [REDACTED]

Just an insight of what Shmuel was like [REDACTED] is that he was very involved in helping me with a restaurant that I owned. He helped me gut it, rebuild it with detail, do the electric, and run it once it was complete. Not only was it a huge help, but we also had a lot of fun in the process. Shmuel was involved in volunteer ambulance and was close with many community members. He was always ready to help someone in need. He worked usually with computers or electric work. He was a people person - always wanting to be involved with whatever was going on. He went to shul (temple) and participated in classes to further his religious learning.

[REDACTED]

Not to say that he didn't have setbacks before this, but this was due to the mixed message our private school (yeshiva) gave us as children- with no alternative route to function in the real world. Our parents pushed us to a college life and the school instilled in us that college is poison (they wanted us to attend the Rabbinical program after high school). This caused us not to trust our parents and we made wrong choices.

I have seen Shmuel twice since he has been in jail. He has told me that he regrets his conduct and that he has no idea what he was thinking. He looks much better. [REDACTED] gained weight, and has found his religion again.

I think the best outcome for my brother would be if you gave him the lowest amount of jail time possible. He needs a job, [REDACTED] I think he has learned his lesson, and that jail is not a place where he will be able to make improvements. He has potential for a productive future. He is very good at doing electrical work and I know he will succeed when he goes back to doing that. And he will give to the community to build his future and help people along the way. That's just the kind of person he is. Please help him overcome this overwhelming obstacle. We've all been there one way or another.

Sincerely,

Aharon Zarzar

David Zarzar
[REDACTED]

9/27/18

Honorable Judge Jesse M. Furman
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Dear Judge Furman,

I wanted to say a few words on Sammy's behalf and behavior. I am his brother David. Sammy is five years older than me. Growing up, he was very good to me and I looked up to him. I love him very much.

Sammy is known as an active member of the community he has helped many people made lots of friends because he has helped so many people. We are Jewish and operate through a community. If you're in, your life is different, you're protected, they don't make you feel ostracized, they give opportunity. Sammy grew up optimistic, ready to be a member of this Jewish community. He did everything a good hearted person would do. I'm talking about stopping on a highway to help someone with a flat tire- I was in shock when he did this once, I wouldn't have thought twice about it. He's always helped family with plumbing, electric work, construction, computer issues, even helped me redo my bedroom twice. [REDACTED]

He's worked as an electrician, has volunteered work and time as a hazalau ambulance, and many other stuff. [REDACTED]

Even at his worst you can see he has a good heart. [REDACTED]

He can be a working helping member of this society. [REDACTED]

Sammy is a good person [REDACTED]

I know he is facing felony charges, but the whole prison experience has brought him to his senses. He has changed a lot since he has been in jail. [REDACTED]

It feels nice to have the kind, caring Shmuel back. [REDACTED]

Thank you for considering my letter, and I ask that you sentence my brother to the lowest possible time in jail.

Sincerely,
David Zarzar

September 26, 2018

Honorable Jesse M. Furman
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Dear Judge Furman:

My name is Molly Sheinkopf. I am Shmuel Zarzar's grandmother. I write to you in regard to Shmuel's sentencing to tell you about my experiences with him over the years. Above all, I want you to know that he is a good boy who made a terrible mistake, and that I believe he has the potential for a bright future. I have supported him through this process and will be there for him because of his great personal strides since incarceration.

Shmuel and I have tried to stay in touch as much as possible over the years. I was involved in his life when he was a very young child, but after my husband passed away in 1997, Shmuel's parents and I disagreed. They prevented me and my son, my daughter in law, my brothers, sister and their families from seeing him and his siblings. His early teenage years were difficult with his parents, and he came to live with me for a little while before going to the Judge Rotenberg School in Massachusetts. Over those years, he would call me and we maintained a strong relationship. More recently, [REDACTED] we would go to lunch, to movies, and shopping together.

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I was so proud to see him pursuing his goal of becoming an electrician. He was becoming very successful, and I think he had even gotten a certification in his field.

The car accident that he was involved in caused him severe back pain [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

However, after he went to jail, we started talking and by email [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Because of his commitment I am now behind him completely. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] We speak now about twice a week. He has found his religion again, which is very important, and has developed aspirations for the future. He knows the crime he committed is serious and inexcusable.

It is remarkable to hear the difference from what he was to what he is now, although he still has a long way to go, and how nonetheless he has progressed. Your Honor, this may sound shocking, but sometimes I thank God that this happened. Maybe this was meant to be, and that he had to go through this to find himself. I'm praying this is the pathway for him to grow into the mature young man he can be. This situation is giving him the time to go through everything he's done to his life, and to reflect on the wrong path he'd gone down.

I see glimmers of the old Shmuel, he has always helped people who were having difficulty in their lives. If there was anything I needed, he ran over to help me to do it. He helped me with my plumbing and electricity, and if there was anything else I needed, he ran over to help me do it. He was the type of person who would drop everything if anyone needed help.

I [REDACTED] will likely be unable to attend sentencing, since my son is currently out of the country and it is difficult for me to travel into the city without his help. But I want you to know that I love Shmuel, I am thinking of him, and I am here to support him. I came to his first appearance and would be there for sentencing if I could.

I pray that Your Honor will have compassion and understanding that this young man has gone through a lot in his life and has been difficult to say the least. I know he has done a bad thing. But he has come a long way since he has been in jail. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] truly believe he will be able to move forward from this.

Thank you for considering my letter.

Sincerely,

Molly Sheinkopf

September 26, 2018

Honorable Jesse M. Furman
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
40 Foley Square
New York, NY 10007

Dear Judge Furman:

I write this letter tonight with the deepest of sadness and a feeling of profound loss for the young boy I once knew. His potential and his childhood. Shmuel Zarzar is my nephew. I have known him nearly all his life (I married his maternal uncle twenty years ago) and although I am profoundly saddened, I cannot say I am surprised. Allow me to explain.

Twenty five years ago, I was graduate student at NYU, studying to become a high school English teacher. I was engaged to be married and the world was a much saner place by all accounts. I spent holidays and sunny Sundays with my future husband and our family and friends. He had a sister. She had six (today seven) children and I was enamored by the rambunctious bunch, the eldest was Shmuel. The truth is I fell in love with them all, as they all had wonderful qualities and the delightful innocence of little cherubs constantly getting into the cookie jars or knocking this or that over. They giggled and frolicked and filled their little jowls with as much sugary candy as their fingers could abscond.

And as I write this about them, each of them special in his or her right, I'm pierced with the memory of Shmuel then. It isn't even the nature of this letter, it's the little boy I knew. He stood out. Incredibly smart. Ferociously protective of his siblings and Mom. Noble in his pursuit of being the "big brother". He was all these things. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] these kids, my nieces and nephews. Each one of them special. His brother Aaron sensitive and sweet. His sister Zahava warm and level headed.

His brother David, a wicked sense of humor, Mazal vivacious and kind. Yehuda, the gentlest and beautiful of young men, Yaakov, the typical boy and Shmuel. Shmuel was mischievous and bold and brave. He is whip smart and adept at problem solving. [REDACTED]

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It was a Friday. My husband calling as I perused the aisles of Target looking for an affordable second blanket for my son's drafty bedroom. He said *Shmuel* and it was *serious*. and *felony charges* and *prison*.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

I saw the sixteen year old, one of the myriad times his grandmother would call him over to fix her computer, her vacuum, her lamp that keeps going out. *Okay, grandma, I'm on my way*. His gaggle of friends waiting outside while he explained, once more, how she can establish a "spacebook" account to talk to family in England.

I saw the seventeen year old who helped a female friend get the necessary medical help her family was unable or unwilling to provide. She was not a girlfriend or even a close pal. In fact, just the ex-girlfriend of a buddy who had washed his hands of the affair. Shmuel felt badly. He said she was alone. He lent her money (knowing he would not see it again), drove her to doctors, listened with a sympathetic ear.

I saw the nineteen year old, desperate to find his way in the world, tethered by obligation to his mother and younger siblings, and his own need to be validated, as all young men need [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

And we thought he had made it. He was working, studying to become an electrician. He was living sometimes alone, sometimes with this roommate or that, but it was steady and he seemed to be headed in the right direction.

He still popped in for dinner. He helped clear the table as his uncle and I laughed at his wonderful nature and zany stories.

He still fixed the 'darned' computer for his grandmother. Still with patience. Still with an, *okay Grandma, I'll be right over*.

He attended synagogue.

He collected for community charities.

Then he was in a car accident.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

I know you have read many of these letters. I know they ask, all of them, that charges be dropped, lessened, circumstances be considered, factors be mitigating, but as I write this I am stuck. Still.

Standing in that Target, thinking of the boy and then the teenager and then the young man who was mischievous and funny and full of potential. Of the man he was so close to becoming. Of the man he could still be. Please consider this.

[REDACTED] Plain and simple, a good soul.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

Best,

Camelia Sheinkopf

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

My name is Y [REDACTED] born [REDACTED]. [REDACTED]

Did you ever experience somebody close to you go on drugs? Well that's how my brother is on drugs 😞. Before this he was always helping out in the house and helping me with homework. He was bringing me to the bus stop to go to school. We played board games and video games. Then he was all of a sudden not doing these stuff anymore and it felt like he was not there for us anymore. Therefore, he just needs help to get better and not go to jail. I just want it to be like before 😞.

Yaakov Yisrael Zarzar